

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
WEDNESDAY
AUGUST 8 1928
FIVE CENTS

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GUILD ANNOUNCES PRIZE PLAY

The winner of the play competition just closed by the Theatre Guild of the Golden Bough, is Anne Murray, of Los Angeles, with her drama "Dark Haven." This was chosen from among over thirty plays submitted from all parts of the state. Five of these plays merited serious consideration.

The Guild meeting at which this announcement was made, on Tuesday evening at the Henry Dickinsons', was a hilarious one. After the announcement of the choice of the winning play, the author was reached, late in the evening, by telephone, by Morris Ankrum, the director, who broke the tidings and cordially invited her to come to Carmel to work out details of production while the play is under rehearsal.

The premiere will occur on the twenty-third of this month.

POLICED AT LAST

Fifteen or more merchants of the town gathered together one evening this week to discuss the matter of night watchman's service. No clues having been found to trace the recent burglary of coats and gowns from the Cinderella Shop, owners of valuable stocks along Ocean Avenue are suddenly awake to the need of protection. Several leading merchants voiced energetically held views.

Mr. Spencer Greatwood pointed out the fact that under present conditions it is impossible to procure theft insurance; that those policies which have been obtained, are being cancelled by companies.

Miss Lois Dibrell of the Carmelita Shop, makes the point that the city owes the shop owners a return for the license fees they pay quarterly.

On Monday evening the City Council decided to take immediate action. Councilman Jordan as Commissioner of Fire and Police, was authorized to take steps, and shop owners in Carmel can hereafter sleep soundly in their beds at night, while the firm tread of Carmel's nightwatchman rings the note of safety.

THE ART TRIUMPH OF A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY

BY
LINCOLN STEFFENS

E. W. Marland, the business man of Oklahoma and New York, came out here last week to see the two heroic Indian figures that Jo Mora, the sculptor, has made for his great park in Ponca City. It was a sight to see, the proud Indian chief in priestly regalia worshipping his God, the dignified squaw in full dress, the sure artist in his working clothes, and the quiet captain of industry walking slowly around the two superb masterpieces in wet clay that stood and conquered the business man, who saw and smiled and winked that he had won a victory. And he has won a victory.

This man of millions had a vision, not only of oil and power and riches, but of beauty. He would create on the prairie he saw first as a wilderness, a park: a palace and grounds for himself and his young wife to live on for a while, then for the public forever. It had to be made for use; he knew how; and it had also to be made to endure; he knew how. He called on the architects, sounded them, and they had visions too. Art!

Disputes. The artists formed opinions of the business man, the business man of artists. But the man of will went on sounding and searching till he had found an architect who had imagination enough to see his own and the business man's vision, both, together. That architect has built the building; the buildings—some of them; they are a group.

There was a search for painters also, to color the walls and the ceilings of the palace. And painters there were, on the two continents the business man searched; painters, like the architects, with visions of their own. But Marland had visions too, and the painters could not all see his pictures. His vision was not only of color and decorations. He had seen and loved the scenes and the persons of the history of his country, and he dreamed (why cannot a layman dream?) of his noble rooms as a permanent gallery, not only of pictures, not only of decorated art, but of a beautiful record of a picturesque history.

(Continued on page two)

THE ART OF A CHAMPION OF INDUSTRY

(Continued from page one)

Disputes again with the painters and much talk of art. Rude things were said, and E. W. Marland, who has fought rough fights in his day with his kind, and has said fierce things—said some to the artists who said fierce things to him.

"Art! Art? To hell with art. And artists. You shall be thumbs to me."

Yes, he said that. "I didn't mean it," he says now. "I have handled mules in my day, and I know how to address with disrespect a mule I respect. And artists! You have heard them say 'Art!'"

What he meant, all he ever meant to say was that art is up to the artist. "I want a record. I want an Indian to look like an Indian, I want a cow-boy to look like the cow-punchers I know. Yes I want even his spurs to be right, and the roll of his cigarette; and the beads of a Sioux shall not a far on an Apache. My house and my garden and my pictures and my sculpture will be seen one, two hundred years hence, when there are no Indians and cowboys left, and my part is to see that the future sees what I saw—right. I vouch for the record. Give me that, as they must, these artists, and they shall make art of it, as beautiful as they can, as perfect, perhaps, as I imagine it. Perhaps. I can only hope and pray and pay for art, but I can guarantee the truth, and I do not see and no artist has ever been able to show me why the true thing cannot be made the beautiful thing."

This is an old question and the answer of the Middle Ages when painting was the popular sport, ranking in the minds of men where base-ball or, at any rate, golf ranks now,—in those good old days of the free fine arts—the Church and the princes ordered the subjects and the artists ordered the art. The Popes and the Kings, with their mighty arms (that could strike hard) hung affectionately over the shoulder of the painter at work, influenced the art of those days more, not less, than the patrons of art of our day form our painters and sculptors. Except in architecture, which business has lifted to the skies, the arts are freer today than they have been in the flowering periods of the past. And maybe that is why painting, for example, is unrelated to the main stream of life. For business is not merely business, it is the very life of our time; and men like E. W. Marland—whatever their rights—have the instinct and the power and perhaps the obligation to influence artists as they influence governors, legislators, publishers, and everybody else to represent them who represent us. All they have to learn is what an editor has to learn: to edit the man, and not his copy; not to change his pictures and thumb his sculpture but to choose the artist and work on him—as Mr. Marland did in the case of Jo Mora.

Marland had heard that Mora had lived among and knew the Indians; that he had been a cowboy and knew the range

riders and all their ilk. He proposed for his park a lot of such figures, Indians,—Negroes, half-breeds, cowboys, trappers, Mexicans, Conquistadores—a lot, some millions of dollars worth. He came West with Jo Davidson, the American sculptor of Paris, who did not know that life, and would not undertake to immortalise it; Davidson wouldn't even supervise it as a whole. He and Marland called on Jo Mora, saw the work in his studio and then, almost by accident, were shown some drawings in color the sculptor had made of Indian costumes, beautiful things, which Mora treated as "mere sketches, records."

"There's your man and your record," said Davidson in effect, "and his records are more art than he thinks, more beautiful than his art."

Marland talked records to Jo Mora, asked about details, which the sculptor knew, and, finally, "Can you stand like a cow-boy?" And Mora, who is an actor, a gifted character actor, rolled a cigarette and struck the pose, "exactly," Marland said afterwards. And, in brief, the modern duke gave the cowboy sculptor several commissions: the Indian Chief, the Indian woman, a cowboy, a cowgirl. But he invited him to Oklahoma to see certain Indians and cowboys and costumes, which he showed and allowed to speak for themselves. He talked to Mora, but generally; he put himself and his vision over personally upon the artist.

"I want the truth, the facts, you want the beautiful. Go to it." He was handsome as to price, generous, and curt—a business, a gentlemen's agreement.

Now there is a place—many places for argument in all this short story, but not here, not now. The figures done stand splendid in the mud over in Jo Mora's studio. They have been photographed with the two men who, together, made them; they will soon be split up into sections of plaster and sent East to be set in the final, permanent bronze, and then in the prairie park of Ponca City. Some witnesses say they are the best things Mora ever did; Mora himself thinks they are his masterpieces. Marland hasn't said much, but his smile and his wink say that he thinks that he has got, somehow, a perfect record that is a fine work of art and the proof positive—

That a modern captain of industry can get what his imagination foresees out of the thumbs of an artist with imagination enough to be inspired by—a vision.

The City . . .

RUMOUR UNFOUNDED

A rumour has been energetically going the rounds within the last days to the effect that City Planning Consultant Cheney has been reappointed. We have the word of

THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

AUGUST

- 8-9 Golden Bough—Vahdah Kubert, dancer, with film, "The Tender hour"
- 10 Golden Bough—at 2:30 Perry Dilley's Puppets in "Red Ridinghood" and "Boiled Celery"
- 11 The Puppets again at 8:30
- 11 Carmel Playhouse—at 8:30 "Is Zat So" comedy
- 12 Divine Service—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a. m.
- 13 City Council Meeting—City hall at 7:30

Mr. Paul Flanders, member of the City Planning Commission that this is contrary to the fact. Mr. Cheney has a year's contract with the City of Carmel, says Mr. Flanders, three months of which remain. The work of zoning, parking, parks, will be completed, as far as Consultant Cheney is concerned, within this time. He has, in fact, courteously refrained from as much as sending in his bill before this work is done, although by the terms of the contract, payment was due him on the first of July.

"Further professional services needed by the Planning Commission are much more likely to be in the form of actual precision surveys, or of topographical or engineering data to facilitate decisions," said Mr. Flanders.

CAPITALIST ADMITS GRAFT CORRUPTION!

When asked what the \$1500 asked from the City Council by the City Planning Commission was to be spent for, Mr. Paul Flanders, Carmel capitalist, generously said that in order to satisfy the opposition, he had offered to cut the fifteen hundred with Mr. Silva. He added that his share would be spent on the first down payment on a new Cadillac car.

DISTINGUISHED BRITON TO SPEAK

Knighted by the British Government for 38 years' service among the people of India, Sir William Wanless, physician and surgeon, has first hand information of the Orient exceeded by none. Report of the Presbyterian Mission for 1926 shows that his hospital at Miraj, with its out stations, treated 66,077 patients during that year.

Dr. Wanless will speak and answer questions Sunday evening at 7:30 in the Community Church. All those interested in world affairs are invited to be present.

Carmel News

WILD LIFE ON SAN ANTONIO

Mrs. Marie Gordon snipping at the roses in her Carmel garden, came upon adventure. "Bees,—swarming bees." There they were, all about the garden, gathering themselves for flight. Just the moment when skillful handling might capture and, shall we say? tame them. There would be honey in the mornings at the Gordon breakfast table,—real honey from real bees. Honey never looked upon by the eye of a grocer.

There were two things to do: First, call a bee specialist to collect and hive the bees. Second, read Maeterlinck.

Mrs. Gordon did both. With the volume in her hand, she called upon a passionate bee-lover of her acquaintance. He was not a professional bee-ist, but he knew quite a lot of bees by their first names. And immediately they were at work. Keeping Maeterlinck (imported hand-cut rice paper) by her side, Mrs. Gordon and the bee-specialist set about the task of collecting and taming the members of the colony,—a ticklish business, for bees at the moment preceding the nuptial flight of the queen, are moody creatures.

Three days of nursing and humoring the new pets, and then... "My dear, you know about my bees?" murmured Mrs. Gordon charmingly over the dinner table on the fourth day.

"Well what do you suppose?"

"All the time they were hornets!"

Mrs. Maud Isabel Hogle has leased the Lincoln Inn to Mr. and Mrs. John S. Ball, who have been hosts at Stockton College for some years and are owners in Carmel of the MacGowan Cooke home. Mrs. Hogle will retain her home beside Lincoln Inn, which she will continue to use for herself and her guests. On Monday evening a festive dinner celebrated the retirement of Mrs. Hogle and the accession of Mr. and Mrs. Ball.

SENTIMENTAL BURGLARY

Must we attribute it to sex starvation that recently in Carmel so many photographs of handsome men have disappeared from billboards? Four or five large photographs of John Bovingdon the dancer, and now two of John Uppman, the singer, have vanished from their places on advertising placards. In what maiden hearts, on what maiden dressing tables, are these now enshrined? Perhaps theft adds all the joy of the illicit to these virile presences.

Meanwhile theatre managements, painfully the losers by these adventures, plead for the return of the pictures, which are due their owners.

"Dearest. Return (my photograph) to me. All will be forgiven, and no questions asked." Signed "John."

People . . .

A letter from Dane Rudhyar, whose lectures in Carmel last spring caused such a stir, announces that he will return to Carmel for some weeks in the early fall.

* * * *

Rabbi Louis I. Newman, of the Temple Emanu-El of San Francisco and his wife were in Carmel the early part of this week. Rabbi Newman spoke at the Congregational convention at Asilomar. Much amused at the theatre situation in Carmel, he said he would write about it in his weekly article, in the Call.

* * * *

Mr. McCormick, General Editor of the International Studio is in Carmel for a few days.

* * * *

Frederick O'Brien, whose White Shadows in the South Seas has recently been filmed, learns that the film is a great popular success in New York. He has been invited to Hollywood to write other stories for the screen. Recently Mr. O'Brien spent some weeks at the George Gordon Moore ranch.

* * * *

Mrs. Helen Deusner came, saw, and was conquered. She meant to stay in Carmel for just one winter but she has now decided to stay on (How many of us have done that!) She has rented a house in the Eighty Acres with her two children and is shortly opening a landscape gardening offices in El Paseo with Mrs. Jane Todd.

* * * *

Mrs. Julia Breinig has moved the Cass Street Nursery School to her own house, 153 Hartnell street, Monterey. This is one of the old Monterey adobe houses, with a splendid closed-in playground, and big, wide, open rooms. The school will henceforth be called The Adobe Nursery School.

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The George Blackmans, with Miss Elsa Blackman, are again off to the Big Sur for a week of solitude in sunlight upon the cliff heights.

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Many reasons are advanced for voting for Hoover (or Smith, as the case may be) but the best we have heard yet is that expressed by a lady in Carmel, that she would vote for Hoover because he had once translated an enormous tome from Latin and German, a book of the 15th century mining expert, Agricola. A few days ago we saw the book at Anne Martin's and must confess we shared the feeling that a man should have some extraordinary reward for such a gigantic task. The book by the way is inscribed by Mrs. Hoover to Anne Martin "who saw it much in the doing." Anne Martin said it was a tremendous task because Agricola made up many of his own terms as well as using rare and abstruse German and Latin.

Personal Bits . .

Mrs. John Bathen has been rather busy lately. She has hardly even owned her own home. It was taken possession of by an antediluvian monster, the creation of a poet's phantasy—thirty-six feet of it. Yes: for two weeks Mrs. Bathen's home was given over to thirty-six feet of green and yellow—Inchworm. And every bit of it wriggled and writhed across the stage in Inchling, with fourteen Youngest Sets inside.

* * * *

Mrs. Vernon Kellogg and her daughter Jane are in Carmel for the summer. They have a little shack at the Highlands and Miss Kellogg sits on a rock at Point Lobos, painting. Mr. Kellogg, who was on Hoover's Committee for the relief of Belgium during the war, is at present at Yosemite where he is inspecting for the Parks Committee. He will come to Carmel later.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Watts gave a large tea on Sunday at their place at the Highlands. Mr. Watts' pictures were on show and the guests spent a very interesting time studying them and imagining the delights of sunny shores such as Italy and Algiers.

* * * *

The O'Sheas have been revelling in farewell parties. Almost the last was given by Marcella Burke at the Mission Tea House on Sunday evening, at which were the D. L. James', Rhys Williams, the Lincoln Steffens', the Jesse Lynch Williams', the Crileys, Colonel and Mrs. Baird, Mrs. Russell, and the guests of honour.

Mr. O'Shea's last days in Carmel were embittered by the carelessness of one of his studio guests, who burned a hole in the negative of the picture which Dr. MacDougal had photographed by x-ray in Arizona, and which the Carmelite will reproduce shortly. The O'Sheas left yesterday for the South Seas.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. T. Gaylord Fisher entertained most delightfully at their home in Carmel Highlands on Sunday afternoon last in honor of the "To The Ladies" Cast. It will be remembered that Mr. Fisher gave an excellent characterization of Mr. Kincaid in the recent comedy at the Golden Bough, a bit of acting that contributed much to the production. There were present at the Sunday tea: Mr. and Mrs. Austin James, Mr. and Mrs. Crockett, of the Little Theatre in Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McGrath, Mrs. Guy Koepp, Janie Johnston, Vivienne Higginbotham, Hazel Watrous, Dene Denny, Wendy Green, Peter Friedrichsen, William Titmas, John Uppman and Edward O'Brien.

The Theatre . . .

IS ZAT SO

Hundreds of women in Carmel who have never seen a boxing bout will be afforded the first opportunity to witness one for themselves, to get the thrill as clean young Americans gaily and gallantly swap glove punches "pour le sport" when the play "Is Zat So" opens at the Carmel Playhouse this Saturday night.

The women who have fancied that boxing was a degrading and brutal sport will have an entirely new idea of it, as conducted along scientific and incidentally, highly exhilarating principles.

But that's only one of the high lights of the score of features that "Is Zat So" presents. It has bounteous comedy, tender passages of pathos, novelty, thrill and side-splitting lines. No wonder that "Is Zat So" ran for 500 nights on Broadway and smashed all records in theatrical history.

Byington Ford, as a prize fighter, and Jack Mulgardt, as his manager, have the leads. Their every jargon word of the prize ring carries a laugh; they fight and make up; get into funny situations; and their final outcome is as diverting as it is novel.

A GREAT MOVIE

"The Crowd," the movie directed by King Vidor, came to the Golden State last week. It was worth seeing.

A year ago, in Hollywood, we asked whether there were any young men seeing movies visually, as screen plays, and not as literary productions-to-be-screened. They told us yes, three. One of them was King Vidor. And now comes this production of Vidor's, the characteristic of which is that it could not have been done in any other medium. The story is unimportant, the details of the hero's character do not matter—only the one quality, his Hamlet-like lack of will-power. The picture is a pictorial representation of a man in opposition to the crowd, yet accompanied by the crowd in all the great moments of his life, wishing to get away from it but never breaking away except in imagination. The picture is marked by a great simplicity, (none of the movie trappings are used, and nothing that happens is improbable. There are only two actors that matter, though most of the subsidiary parts are done very well). And when emotion is to be called forth, the audience's pity is aroused, instead of drowned in a sea of glycerine tears.

What stays most in one's memory is the pitilessness of the mob, the mob that crowds round the dying little girl only to feel a thrill,—the friendlessness of the "big City," the indifference to all but their own pleasure of the holiday mob, the machine-like soullessness of the efficient hospital. And the bank, with its myriad ants all poring over ledgers, till one

ant stands out, John Sims! And the theatre, where John Sims and his family, celebrating their reunion, feel they really matter (and at last we feel too that he has got somewhere) till the picture widens out taking in more and more humanity, and again that little family is nothing but three ants rocking to and fro with "pleasure that is contemptible."

This is a picture not to be missed. It will come to the Golden Bough August 12 and 13. —E. W.

"THE 13TH CHAIR" EXCELLENTLY PRODUCED BY THE FERTILE ABALONES

How well this play has stood time's severe test! Moving swiftly and unswervingly to its appointed end, it still remains the best of mystery plays.

The Abalone League production was, on the whole, a fine achievement of a most difficult task. To the highly exacting part of Madame La Grange, the spirit medium, Alice MacGowan, a celebrity in other fields, brought a winning charm. She brought out beautifully the lovable old faker's adoration of her daughter, but seemed a little subdued in her moments of anger and excitement. Her interpretation missed the sharp transitions from spleen to tenderness of the Irish peasant, and there were times when she seemed afraid to let herself go.

In the vitally important part of Inspector Donahue, Cecil Land, though he cut an imposing figure on the stage, failed to dominate his scenes, partly due to insufficient familiarity with his lines. He lacked the quick incisiveness which the part demands.

These defects were perhaps due to unavoidable circumstances, as we understand that no less than three directors had spoons in the broth, the first two having been obliged to drop out because of calls to the city, etc. The old tragedy of too many cooks.

Hildreth Masten's Helen O'Neill, the accused daughter, was a convincing and well sustained portrayal.

As Roscoe Crosby, harassed host to the little group of suspected killers, Dick Masten was successfully his usual charming self.

Mrs. Crosby, the unruffled hostess, and Mary Eastwood, the skeptical guest, were played with sophisticated charm and considerable distinction by Jane Swain and Marian Todd.

Ernie Schweninger and Fletcher Dutton, as Edward Wales, the victim, and Philip Mason the murderer, respectively both proved a revelation in these different roles.

ASSESSMENT ROLLS MADE PUBLIC

The city tax assessment roll will be on file in the City Hall, and open to the public for the remainder of this week, and until the Board of Equalization meets, next Monday morning at ten o'clock.

THE THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

PERRY DILLEY'S "PUPPETS"

Friday, August 10; 2:30 P. M.
Children 25c Adults 50c, 75c, \$1.00

Saturday, August 11; 8:30 P. M.
Children 50c Adults \$1.00

FILMS.

Aug 8, 9 "Tender Hour" with Billie Dove.

Feature Attraction:

VAHDAH KUBERT Polish Dancer

Aug. 11 "A Bit of Heaven"

Aug. 12, 13 "THE CROWD"

GOLDEN STATE

Telephone: MONTEREY 1500

2nd Anniversary Week

Wednesday, August 8th

LEATRICE JOY

in "THE BLUE DANUBE"

Added Attraction:

"THE FOUR PLAYMATES"

Thursday, Friday August 9th - 10th

RAMON NOVARRO

"ACROSS TO SINGAPORE"

Added Attraction:

"THE FOUR PLAYMATES"

Saturday, August 11th

WILLIAM BOYD in

"THE NIGHT FLYER"

"THE FOUR PLAYMATES"

Sunday, August 12th

LAURA LA PLANTE in

"THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE"

with Glenn Tryon and a great cast. On the stage.

5 ACTS OF GOLDEN STATE VAUDEVILLE

Monday, Tuesday, Aug. 13th - 14th
GRETA GARBO in

"THE DIVINE WOMAN"

E. C. HOPKINS AT THE ORGAN

500 NIGHTS ON BROADWAY

"IS ^{in Carmel}
"gales of ^{Saturday Night}
merriment"
N. Y. Times. **ZAT SO**
Carmel Playhouse

TWO VOICES

Two singers of promise were heard in the Theatre of the Golden Bough this week. One, Noel Walser, is a young woman of seventeen who, in both voice and personality, presages an interesting future. In Lily Strickland's song "I Heard a Flute," in the "Moonlight Idyll" by Sabella, as in the too-often-sung aria from *Madame Butterfly*, her voice soared with clarity and the free sweep of birds in flight. If the tone has sometimes something of a tiny edge, if the pitch-attack is occasionally slightly oblique, these are matters which will certainly be overcome in the next chapters of Miss Walser's artistic development, which, it is easy to guess, will be in the direction of the opera.

The voice of John Uppman also justifies hopes for high arrival. Leading baritone for the American Grand Opera Company, Uppman has a magnificent tone proceeding with effortless beauty.

He sang songs of Gretchaninoff, Strauss, a charming folk-song, "Slow, Horses, Slow," and one in the Russian, a language which lends itself with surprising advantage to singing, because of the extreme resonance of its consonants.

In addition to a golden voice, Uppman has the capacity for artistry and the good fortune of personal charm. Here before us stands the blond Norse hero-type... Sigurd the Walsung, son of the gods.

VAHDAH KUBERT, POLISH DANCER, TO DANCE TONIGHT

Vahdah Kubert was one of the dancers in the original New York production of "The Miracle," and since that time she has danced in Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Francisco. Miss Kubert is to dance for the Serra Pilgrimage Pageant August 23-25. Tonight and tomorrow night she is to appear at the Theatre of the Golden Bough with the motion picture "Tender Hour."

A forest grove, a group of joyous children, a story with a shining symbol, elfin music, and a soft, soft, night... and a magic was cast over a group of grown-ups, seeming to lift the artificiality from life for the moment... And still the spell held us as we left the pine grove. —L. B.

The Theatre . . .

INCHLING

Whatever can be said about other Forest Theater productions, this play of Rem's was delightful. The children entered into it with such zest and so obviously enjoyed their parts, that one was prompted to ask, with one member of the audience: "Why do grown-ups act?" Miss Alexander wrought miracles with her large cast, the singing and dancing were as charming as the acting and costumes. The evening performance went with a verve and a swing that grown-up amateur performances might well envy. It was greatly to be regretted that Janie Hopper was unable to play *Golden Wings*, being ill in bed: but her "understudy," Doris Meachem, who was no understudy at all, but happened to have picked up the part, and who was called on at two hours' notice, did extraordinarily well. Most of the children spoke up very well and could be heard all over the theater, the clowns, Wesley Miller and Donald Dawson, (in the guise of Firefly and Mud) doing particularly well. In fact with the little sailor-boy-water-bug-fire-fly one did as one does with Grock—laughed when he took his first step out of the wings.

Where all the parts were done so well it is difficult to pick out any especial actor. Barrian Cator as Gyem was graceful and clear, and did the little dancing steps naturally. Joe Schoeninger was a pathetic Inchworm, especially good being his stumble of fatigue across the stage. Elizabeth Dobzensky made a very widow-like Widow Ladybug, and her friends the Inchworms, Bernard Watson and Helen Neumark solicited parents. This couple spoke their lines very clearly and with much expression. Eugenia Reynolds sang in a clear and pleasant soprano as the Lavender Butterfly, Kenneth MacLeish made a very hoppity robin and Donald Dawson a gruff muddy companion. Pat Crighton, Marie de Amaral, Mary Bigland and Florence Moller so varied in size and voice, were excellent leaders of the

ant colony (and conscientious! One really felt one should do something for the unemployment problem when the ant cutter threw the poppy stuff away so wistfully: "There goes the poppy business!") Helen Wilson and Billy Shepard added greatly to the amusement with their army of buzzing, whizzing, grumbling mosquitoes, replete with blood mustaches and sting, and Betty Sutton and Pete Steffens did their bit to make the irregular Inchling more at outs with his dad. The six dancers, Frances Butler, Kathleen Macleish, Helen Neumark, Ada and Ruth Whiffen and Mary Bigland were equally charming as Leaves, Fireflies, Bats and Dewdrops.

Inchling should be published and children the world over should have the opportunity of acting this quite exceptionally delightful children's play. —E. W.

PERRY DILLEY ARRIVES WITH HIS PUPPETS

Red Ridinghood will walk through the woods of Carmel on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of this week, and in the Theatre of the Golden Bough she will come upon adventure with her wolf.

The wolf is the traditional fellow of the story, beyond a doubt. But he is revealed in a new light. He is just as hungry as of old, but not as fierce and unattractive as we have been led to believe all these years. In fact, in the puppet play, he shows himself a master of wit and repartee. His gift of polite conversation charms not only Red Ridinghood but often the audience.

There are other modern features in this version, too, such as a telephone in the mother's kitchen, which causes her unlimited annoyance. The Grandmother displays a neat turn of dancing in the end. Perry Dilley's puppet theatre is not only a delight for children but an entertainment enjoyed quite as much by adults. Mr. Dilley plays to many thousands yearly, and has shown in the principal universities of the State.

The puppets will play on Friday afternoon at 2:30, and again on Saturday evening at 8:30.



HE WAS ALWAYS AN EIGHTEENTH OF AN INCH OUT OF THE WAY.

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL BY THE SEA
CALIFORNIA

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Editorials . . .

BERNARD SHAW TO VISIT AMERICA

A report comes from a theatrical producer, just returned from a visit to England, that Bernard Shaw, who has said often and offensively that he would never come to the United States, is expected at Hollywood as the guest of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. Maybe the report is not true. Maybe Shaw regards Hollywood as a cosmopolitan community; not American, but an art, and therefore a world center. He has said that the moving picture is an art, and he has taken the pains to go forth publicly to call on movie actors, as artists. Maybe he would enjoy the gesture of a trip around the world to visit Douglas Fairbanks and the other movie artists, cutting everybody else in America. And maybe he will pretend that he thinks he can travel from London to Hollywood and not see the dreadful cities and States and the inartistic people in between.

But the wisdom that is going to see the art in the movie is going to see—if he catches one glimpse of the United States anywhere, even from a carwindow—Shaw's baby-blue eyes are going to see, and his grey, kind, honest old head is going to recognize America: the unconscious power of it; the invention, the unintentional originality of it; the shameful, almost criminal commission of wrongs that turn out to be right; the double hypocrisy of the cowardly affectation of blatant courage to do dangerous acts that are inspired by fear. The movie people, for example, they lie when they tell you that they are working only for money as our captains of industry lie. They have to make money to live and work on the scale of their life, and their

operations, but what do they do with the money they make? Do they put it into governmental bonds and sneak off and die on the interest? As the Europeans do? They do not. They blow it abroad till they are tired of Europe and the European life, then they come home and put it back into the business, which bulges with the riches.

It takes a foreigner to see America "as is;" it takes the contrast of his expectations against the sight of us to see the difference between the European picture of us and the facts. And, even at that, not every foreigner can recognize what he sees. If the foreigner is consistent and sincere, he is likely to stick to his convictions about America; if he thinks he knows what art is, and beauty, and truth, he may miss those things here. And if he listens to us, trusting his ears instead of his eyes; if he does not see by what we do that we don't know what we are talking about, he can come and go unchanged in his mind. America is to be seen, not heard.

But Shaw is not consistent; he is not sincere; and the only conviction he sticks to is that he may change his convictions. And so, if Bernard Shaw comes to America, the world—why—even England, may at last learn some truths about America.

—L. S.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE CARMELITE

For Pete's sake, be clever.

"There was more in your last number than in many national weeklies."

"Every week's issue gets more interesting."

"I read it literally from cover to cover not leaving out even the advertisements."

From a San Francisco reader: "I found myself eagerly awaiting the arrival of the Carmelite and was so pleased when I at last saw it appear under the door."

San Francisco bookstore increases its order 100 per cent.

From a New York reader:

"I enjoy the Carmelite and do not agree with those who criticize it. I hope it will go its own way, arrogantly youthful and spontaneous. As soon as it accepts any pattern, however distinguished, it will lose all individuality."

"It is a very nice way to keep track of you Californians. I used to know Sara Bard Field and I once spent an evening with Bovingdon, the crazy loon, so enjoyed hearing about them. I guess Carmel is a great place for nuts, and of course nuts are the great people of the world."

"Your paper is assuming fine character. I read it with gusto and from kiver to kiver."

—A City Planner.

Correspondence

A Profound Thinker.

Editor of the Carmelite:

The last issue of the Carmelite contained an article attacking the primitive movement in modern art, and provided with illumined and caustic addenda.

Now it is safe to aver that an artist cannot be other than a product of his time, and that even a devotee of the present primitive movement must, in a manner, be influenced by the period in which he lives. Assuming this to be true, would it not be well to enquire into the origin of such a movement; and upon inquiry do we not recognize that this movement is but the expression of those who, fettered by an age of over-sophistication, excessive intellectuality and undernourished spontaneity are struggling to free themselves from these conditions? Does not this very movement then become most acceptable evidence for future generations to judge of the conditions existing during the early years of the twentieth century, and is the art of the time not fulfilling its supposed historic mission?

Considering these facts, the writer feels justified in assuming that Miss D. A. who was responsible for that somewhat flamboyant article cannot be accredited a profound thinker.

I am

Very sincerely yours,
A. Manus.

At the moment I find but one answer possible to the reply of Mr. Manus,—a confession of agreement with that gentleman, and the realization that another clear thinker is among us.

If we should ever have opportunity to meet, you will realize that I should be classified as masculine gender, even though your logic has prompted you to suspect that I think like, and am, a woman.

—D. A.

Carmel California, August 4, 1928.

Mrs. Schindler

Editor The Carmelite

My dear Mrs. Schindler:—

You will no doubt allow for the innocence of one only lately returned to Carmel land; but to tell the truth I must admit that, when I gave you last week a little article on Herod, I ingenuously counted upon seeing it printed as I had written it. Such was not to be. Reading the article in your esteemed paper, I see that you found passages here and there which could be given added color and vigor if written in your own style rather than in mine.

Most of these changes, I see, are merely what might be called esthetic ones. I will not quarrel with you as to these. But there is one, the first one, in the very

(Continued on page seven)

(Continued from page six)

first paragraph (it's hard, isn't it, for the editorial pen to wait?) which has its ethical problem.

I wrote, under the title, *On Seeing Herod*, "One thinks: This sort of thing is dead; poetic tragedy, blank-verse drama is dead—and dead."

You wrote (more simply, I allow): "This sort of thing is dead."

What is regrettable about this expert alteration is that it changes the subject upon which my entire article is written.

What I meant to convey was my opinion of the nineteenth century attempts to carry on Shakespeare. I said they were dead things.

But you make me say much more than that. You make me say that everything before my eyes that night was dead. The production, the set, the acting. That the actors were dead. And dead the trees, the marvelous bowl of the night above, and the moon.

Which, I take it, is perpetrating an injustice. One, I am sure, you will be eager to correct by printing this note. As it is written, I mean.

Yours very respectfully

James Hopper

• • • • •

Acutely embarrassed at the circumstance, we reprint the entire article by Mr. Hopper as he sent it in:

• • • • •

ON SEEING HEROD

By James Hopper

One thinks: "This sort of thing is dead. Poetic tragedy, blank verse drama is dead—and dead."

Who killed Cock Robin? Billy did. Four hundred years ago. Billy Shakespeare. That boy blank-versed so eternally well, he killed the thing he loved. Killed it for the others, I mean; for the Stephen Phillips' and als who in the nineteenth century tried to carry on the genre, and could not forget him, could only squirm within his mighty meshes; and imitate—palely. Serving up white turnip to his red steaks of lion loin.

The difference between him and theirs (leaving out other distinctions, such as the fact, for instance, that he was a marvelous poet) is Life. With the first drum beat of his first line, with the thump upon the boards of his first character's first toe, the stage lives. The stage of Mr. Stephen Phillips snores. No, it doesn't even snore.

You feel that the things Billy wrote were scratched out half upon the stage itself, half in the turmoil of roaring taverns. While the others are threaded out meticulously, inch after inch, in silent and ordered *cabinets de travail* lined with files.

And then, they do so try to be so turrible, the Mr. Stephen Phillips' and als. So turrible. Here comes the second reason why they are so dead.

Which is that all those deeds they consider so all gosh awful are not gosh awful at all to us of our day. Murder, matricide, fratricide, incest, rape—these are the subjects of our more frivolous conversations; of our light hours of laughter.

Hell is gone (at least I fancy it is). And gone also the old prying personal God of the first Testament, ever wandering a few yards above us, sniffing out our misdeeds with his long nose.

We know, we are electrons, and that Sirius is twelve light-years away, and many other interesting facts which I would here put down did I know them better.

Murder? We walk down Broadway, New York. An automobile sedan drives elastically to the curb and lets go with everything it has. Which means shot guns, bombs, rifles and machine guns. A citizen dissolves on the side walk, the sedan goes on its leisurely way. A policeman nonchalantly sends after it a shot or two; he hits an old lady on the leg and a child in the arm. And we all go on about our business, the only one surprised being the citizen so abruptly re-distributed into his original electrons.

And our old friend R. E. Morse, staunch, tried and indispensable ally of tortured tragic poet and writhing "lead"? Where is R. E. Morse these days?

I have consorted for thirty years with poets, murderers, gangsters, druggists, "hist-men," Abalone Leaguers, bootleggers, beer-kings, Greenwich Village and Carmel-by-the-Sea culturinal exquisites—and I have seen no trace of old friend R. E. Morse. He is gone.

Leaving out other categories, taking up simply the murderers I have known, these easily slip into two classes.

1. What I might call the murderer belonging to the Business Class.

I find in him only a smug satisfaction over the lucrative success of his misdeed or misdeeds (the prefix is mine, not his).

2. The passionate murderer.

In his satisfaction also, a licking of the chops. Not smug; determined and ardent.

Remorse? Not a trace. The slightest of worries, perhaps, now and then. Having to do with not being caught. But soothed by the reassuring statistics: Out of every 148 murderers in the United States, only one is hanged.

Thus it is that when the Forest Theatre spreads before us Mr. Stephen Phillips' smoky elucubration, we are able to sit it out only because Miss Alexander has an eye for beautiful groupings, and able to keep from laughing only because we are very polite.

For, Herod—it's too silly altogether. He kills his brother-in-law. What a dreadful fuss made over that simple drowning of a brother-in-law! But there is worse: His wife leaves him, and because of that he goes mad!

Can you beat that one? Silly stuff—Herod! On to our muttons.

TREE-DANGER

(This article has come in to the Carmelite from a leading citizen of Carmel).

The plan to cut down the beautiful row of stately eucalypti on North San Antonio is now receiving the serious attention of the City Council.

While other states and communities have been spending millions of dollars to encourage the growth of trees along their highways, the City Council of Carmel has been urged by some nervous, emotional agitators, who have heard of or seen a limb break, to denude San Antonio of its natural beauty. If this is ordered done, then, whenever these nervous busy bodies see or hear of a limb breaking, for instance on Ocean Avenue, and rush to the City Council demanding the destruction of the trees on that beautiful avenue, the City Council, to be consistent, must order that thing done. After that has been accomplished one turning into Ocean Avenue from Carpenter street may have a full and unobstructed view of the Ocean reflected on the concrete.

Everywhere danger lurks, threatening life and limb. Automobiles run amuck. Houses, and sometimes chimneys fall down. Banana peels flourish and people choke on fish bones. The danger from falling limbs is infinitesimal when compared to accidents from the above causes. However, we do not talk of abolishing automobiles, houses, bananas and fish because of these hazards.

It is probably true that San Antonio is at present too narrow to accomodate the increasing traffic. Clearly, the remedy for that is to widen the roadway and preserve the trees. There are fifty feet between the property lines in which to accomplish this simple matter—a thing not requiring a high degree of engineering skill. This may be done and the trees preserved, but the path of least resistance seems to be to cut down the trees. The cost of this operation alone would represent a considerable portion of the cost of widening the roadway.

The entrance to Carmel from the east on Ocean Avenue is one of the most beautiful prospects that can be presented to the human eye. The entrance from the north on San Antonio is not less beautiful. The marring of the beauty of either would be equally objectionable—and a calamity. This is indeed a serious matter. This plan to destroy the stately encalypti that have weathered the storms and vicissitudes of fifty years to give beauty to the community and pleasure to the eye is a matter of no small importance. It is something that concerns not only abutting property, but should be, and is of vital importance to all residents of Carmel who take a just pride in the attractive beauty of the place.

If this matter could be placed before the people of Carmel for an expression of opinion, not one thinking person in fifty would favor the contemplated crime.

Peter's Paragraphs

"I have long had it in mind," writes a correspondent, "to do an article on the wisdom of reflection for men of action who have had deep experience of life. As they live now, they take their experiences as they come, think a little in between, and pass on without ever really summing up what they have learned. This is what is called dying with their boots on. There is a loss in that."

There is, of course, a great loss in it. And one trouble is that our men of action, the men who have made American history, the great capitalists and bankers and industrialists who are making it now, cannot express themselves and do not take the time to tell others their experiences, so that they may write them. As was done for Ford, and Ford's book is one of the great documents of American history.

And think what a race of wise men we would breed if men who have experienced life deeply were forced to refine into wisdom whatever of knowledge they had accumulated! And what a joy to them that period of assembling and digesting, so that their lives would have more value to themselves when they saw their part in the development of their civilization.

One thing that would hamper such knowledge from getting to the world is our outworn moral point of view, in private as in political life. Every writer and every journalist has come across the real stuff of life which cannot be put into print "because one can't say those things."

The captain of industry who is forced to bribe because he can't expand his business any other way; the young girl who has an abortion performed because she is not ready to have a child, for economic or other reasons; the war hero who belongs to an underworld gang; the paid thug and murderer; the bandit; if all these were free to tell their stories, or have them told, we might really begin to know what this world we live in is like. Instead we make dogmatic and prejudiced assertions and judgments about matters of which we know very little, and the person who does know can almost not communicate with us any more.

"I don't read books" said a millionaire captain of industry the other day. "Why should I? They don't deal with the facts with which I am familiar. There isn't a book written in America which gives a true picture of how the big industrial

Parents consider their own vanity and comfort too much, the price and the willfulness of the new generation too little.

Why teach a child obedience when

courtesy is there to produce the consideration one desires? An obedient youngster might grow up into a law-abiding citizen whereas a courteous kid is likely to remain a genius or at least a polite anarchist.

A child's health and strength can be measured by his affection for his father; his sickness or weakness, by his love for his mother.

Women pay too little attention to dress. Any man can see that on any street or at any ball; a man, we say, not a husband.

The gowns women wear are, at the best, decorations, not decorative.

Lawns are unconstitutional in Carmel and the possessors of them are law-breakers and defiers of Public Opinion.

Education is not knowledge; it is the tool put into our hands to get knowledge with.

MORE CARMEL IN THE MAGAZINES

Sara Bard Field writes in the San Francisco on "The Supreme Art" (the nature of poetry)—two articles appearing in the June and July numbers, based on a lecture she gave. In the July number is a poem of Charles Erskine Scott Wood (her husband) called Summer.

In August "Harper's" Cornelia Stratton Parker writes about "More Ports and Happy Places."

Elizabeth Frazer has an article on Stocks and Bonds in the August "Good Housekeeping."

In last quarter's "Laughing Horse," a little magazine published at Taos, N. M., Jaime de Angulo writes on the Sun, giving various Indian legends about this planet.

John Kenneth Turner writes in "The Labor World," an organ of the Progressive Labor, Farmer, and Socialist Movement, an article called "Barrows and Nicaragua: California Jingo Lies in Defense of Government Murders." Turner is the Editor of the paper.

In the Overland Monthly for August John S. Mayfield, under the heading "Robinson Jeffers Receives a Convert" prints extracts from a letter received by him from one of Jeffers' visitors. "Can anyone," asks the anonymous writer "read of Carmel Bay and Point Lobos and the cypress forest and the chrysoprass bay, and the cobalt sea, and the white sand and the pines, and not want to go?"... And about Jeffers: "Don't you see that if I had lived with Jeffers all my life I could write no more than I have written... no more than is suggested in his poetry? a poet is public property. A president or politician is not, but a poet is. Calvin does not reveal his heart, but Jeffers must..."

The Youngest Set

An old lady was helped into the dining room with a Secretary on one side, a nurse on the other, and the regular waiter and waitress holding back her chair. A little Carmel boy (of 3) who had recently been under the Doctor, watched this operation, and when at last the old lady was settled at her place at table, he sighed and said: "My Doctor X— hasn't fixed that lady and so that lady is sick."

Philip MacDougal, (8) who was quoted a few weeks ago as giving sound moral principles to Mrs. Rowntree for the edification of her son Cedric, was on the field again this week. When he heard that Cedric is over his home-sickness and enjoying his job at Estes Park and his Carmel friends the Eric Collinses, Philip said: "Ah, tell Cedric that now the Bitter has gone and for him the Sweet has come."

Peter Breinig (4) asked his mother: "Mummy, might you go to jail?"

"I don't think so," she answered "But if you broke some traffic regulation?"

"I'd have to pay a fine."

"But if you had no money?"

"Why, then I suppose I'd have to go to jail."

Peter burst into tears.

"Then who would look after me?" he wailed.

The Youngest Set was busy with Inchling last week and the stage managers, Harry Leon and Helen Wilson and Cornelia de Haaff, the stage constructionists, Jimmy Hopper (Jr.) and Henry F. Dickinson (Jr.) should be as warmly congratulated as the actors, singers and dancers who contributed to such excellent entertainment.

Small member of the audience, on hearing the Terrible Mosquito mention "mosquitomaine poisoning": "Poison like you put in the mole-hole, mummy?"

A child, seeing Japanese lanterns hanging on a wire: "There's my birthday hanging on the fence!"

Diana Burke (5) was asked by her mother to see if there were any people on the beach.

"No" said Diana, "there are no people, mummy; only grown-ups."

Stan (3) got a new tricycle. He rode it around the living room and it was a joy. A bicycle! Ten minutes later he was out in the garden, chuchu-ing up and down; it was a railroad train, as his mother should know authentically, for he rode up behind her, planting out begonias, and said: "mama, will you be San't Jose?"

Science . . .

BLOOD - PRESSURE

(In two parts)

I

An American woman traveling in Europe called on a London physician because of a cold in the head. After receiving treatment and paying the fee, she started to leave, when the physician asked:

"How does it happen that you did not want your blood-pressure taken?"

"Why?" she asked, and he replied: "All Americans who come to me lately want their blood-pressures taken."

This incident serves as an illustration of the common American pastime of making muscles in the blood vessel walls or a loss ment. Fads in operations, fads in diet, fads in colons, colon-filling stations. Perhaps the herd instinct to follow the crowd finds freer play in a democracy. But the tendency may work evil. The herd lack of discrimination accepts much that is chaff, discredits much that is of value. Blood-pressure determinations often have value; they are not a universal diagnostic standard.

What is blood-pressure? The blood is a labile fluid confined in a closed circuit of tubes of varying calibre and kept in motion by the rhythmic contractions of the heart. It is confined in these tubes under pressure due to this pumping of the heart and the resistance of the tubes. Three main factors determine the degree of pressure: (1) the force of the heart beat (2) the resistance of the tubes, (3) the volume of blood. A variation on any one of these factors affects the height of the blood pressure.

The first measurement of blood-pressure was made by Stephen Hales, an English clergyman, in 1733. In the leisure stolen from his parish duties he made many notable contributions to the science of physiology and indeed is looked upon as one of the first important experimental physiologists. Other fundamental discoveries in science (not Christian) have been made by men of the church in times gone by. Joseph Priestley, another English clergyman, discovered oxygen and many other important chemical mysteries, in 1783. There was also Gilbert White, an humble parson of Selborne, who, about this same time in his ramblings about the countryside kept his eyes open and wrote his observations in that classic, "The Natural History of Selborne." And a little later Mendel the Augustinian abbot grew peas in his cloister garden and noted the wrinkles and shades of color through many generations, thus laying the foundations for the science of heredity. All this is fascinating to contemplate. Great discoveries are not always made by the professional searcher. These scientific pursuits were

followed as a pastime. Good work is play, in science as in art.

What would you expect an artist to create working under contract and a time limit? Hack stuff. The scientist, like the artist, works to please himself, for the joy of it; hence plays intensely, enthusiastically. But these pastimes of parsons and priests were in a century gone by. What are the scientific pastimes of the present day reverend clergy? Fundamental discoveries have given way to fundamentalism, prohibition, politics. Perhaps the "conflict" between science and religion did not exist before 1858. At any rate the contributions of the church since Darwin have been nil.

But I digress. Where was I? Oh yes. Blood-pressure. We speak of systolic and diastolic blood-pressure. Systolic is the maximum, consonant with the contraction or systolic phase of the heart beat; diastolic is the minimum, corresponding to the relaxed, filling phase or diastole of the heart beat. What is normal systolic blood-pressure? In health the average pressure in a large number of adults below the age of forty is found to be between 110 and 135. There is usually a gradual increase with age after forty, but not in direct ratio. The popular formula: Age plus 100, does not invariably give normal figures. A person of sixty may have a blood-pressure of 130 and this may be normal for him. Another person at sixty may have a pressure of 150 and we cannot say this is abnormal. The matter is not so simple, and no facile formula can be applied to all in the manner of a yard stick. The three main factors affecting blood-pressure, i. e. heart beat, resistance of blood vessels and blood volume must all be considered in arriving at a normal. Also the individual as a whole.

II

What causes high blood-pressure? Commonly, increased resistance in the blood vessels, particularly the small arteries. Narrowing of the lumen of the arteries, either due to a contraction of the circular muscles in the blood vessel walls or a loss of elasticity with the advancing years, increases the resistance and the blood-pressure rises. Did you ever notice the leakage at the faucet when you pressed your finger at the end of a garden hose or applied a tapering nozzle? This resistance to the free flow of water causes the pressure in the hose to rise and leakage occurs at the faucet, especially if there is a faulty washer. This is analagous to the resistance of narrowed blood vessels.

The cause of this narrowing of the small blood vessels, whether due to the contraction of the muscles in the walls or to a loss of elasticity and a thickening of the walls encroaching on the lumen (arterio-sclerosis) is still obscure. Particularly in the first case where there is no anatomical change in these vessels, we are still very much in the dark. This form of high blood-pressure may occur in an otherwise healthy person and may continue for years without apparent

detriment to general health. I once saw a man 89 years of age who called me for a minor ailment, I think it was a slight digestive upset. In course of the examination I noted that he had high blood-pressure and proceeded to take it. It was over 200. He watched the proceeding with but slight interest. Not wishing to frighten the old gentleman I hesitated to tell him how high it was but mildly suggested that it was slightly above normal even for his age. "Oh yes, I know it's high, Doctor. Austin Flint found it over 200 thirty years ago and told me I couldn't live but a short time. I'm going back to New York next month to celebrate my ninetieth birthday." So you need not necessarily put your house in order because of high blood-pressure. This man's blood vessels showed very little arterio-sclerosis. He had the other kind of high blood-pressure: constriction of the lumen of the small arteries—from what cause we do not know.

Usually, however, high blood-pressure is accompanied, and doubtless caused by a loss of elasticity of the vessel walls, with a thickening and consequent decrease in the size of the lumen. This mechanical resistance to the free flow of the blood is the immediate cause of the rise in pressure. None of us escape this with the advancing years; it is part of the age process the same as the thinning or graying of the hair or the loss of teeth. While this is inevitable and is a toll Time takes of us all, the age at which the process begins and its rate of progress varies greatly with different people. The tendency to early hardening of the arteries is distinctly hereditary. William Osler put it: "We are as old as our arteries, and some of us have inherited shoddy tubing." True, as far as it goes, but to some extent, the evil day may be postponed by rational living. No doubt, certain habits in one's life influence blood-pressure. Overeating, particularly meat, obesity, lack of exercise, overwork, continuous emotional strain, are some of the causative elements in premature hardening of the arteries.

Advanced arterio-sclerosis often has an astounding effect on the character of the individual, sometimes completely changing his personality. It is frequently observed that a man who has all his life been of an even amiable temper will become irritable, depressed, over emotional, garrulous, whimsical, given to fits of violent temper, in short he becomes almost impossible to live with. These cases are pitiable; because of their changed attitude towards those who have through life been dear to them, they are usually misunderstood by their own families.

This brings me to the reflection that the course of history has at times been turned by the high blood-pressure accompanying arterio-sclerosis in men of high station.

A study of some of their actions may be instructive. Henry the eighth is known to have been a sufferer from arterio-

(Continued on page thirteen)

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Poems . . .

ACROSTIC FOR A DROOPING MYRTLE

Monterey of piney memory
By misty seas and wave-engraved dunes,
Forever talking to me secretly
You tell of sleep in high and wind-swept
tunes—
The sleep that miracles my love's
re-birth—
The sleep so near to earth—my mother
earth. —Madefrey Odhner

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE SINGING FLOWERS

(A story Max and David's mother made
for them.)

Once upon a time there was a little boy
whose name was Dion, who lived in the
country where there were hills and trees
and rivers and rabbits. He used to go
for long walks all by himself in the woods,
watching beetles and birds and seeing
the strange homes they made for them-
selves.

One morning he asked his mother to put
some lunch into a bag for him and he
kissed her goodbye and said he would not
be home till suppertime. She waved to
him as he set out along the little yellow
path that led between the bluebells. He
waved back gaily because he felt that
somehow this was a very special day. His
heart was singing a little song inside itself
and he knew enough about days to be
sure that this meant something quite out
of the ordinary. Also, the sun was shin-
ing in that shimmery way that made the
grass look as if it grew at the bottom of
very clear water.

Dion set out toward the woods because
his feet were used to going that way,
but when he got to the place where the
little path branched to right and left, he
knew that the song in his heart was a
Hill-song and not a Tree-song. So he
turned into the barley-field that led to the
swamp where the bull-rushes grew. This
was the place where the hills came down
to look at themselves in the water.

He stayed a little while throwing pebbles
into the water and watching the dark
holes they made in the green patches of
water-weed. Then he left the swamp
and climbed the first hill. Down the
hollow he went and up the next one.
The hills got bigger each time and when
he reached the top of the fifth one he
was very tired and sat down to rest.

The little song was going louder than
ever and as his eyes looked over the fields
(Continued on page eleven)

SINGING FLOWERS

(Continued from page ten)

he thought that surely his mother must be hearing it too. Soon he noticed a kind of perfume coming up from the earth around him and when he looked he saw that his hand was plunged into the middle of a plant which had the most beautiful purple velvety flowers he had ever seen. He took his hand quickly away in case he should be bruising them and then he got down on his knees to look closer. No, he had never seen any flowers like that before, and there were no more to be seen on that hill.

He ate his lunch beside them and the perfume seemed to go just right with the song in his heart. Indeed it seemed as if the flowers felt exactly as he did.

There was wheaten bread and cheese in his lunch-bag and a little bottle of milk. In the wax paper were some raisins and hazel-nuts. Strange how mothers know just what a boy wants after a hard climb, he thought.

He got a little bit sleepy after lunch and rubbed his eyes with his hands. They were stained purple from having touched the flowers and very soon he put his head on the grass and went to sleep.

In his dream, Dion thought that he walked over the tops and into the hollows of ninety-nine hills and when he came to the hundredth one it was covered with flowers. The wonderful thing about them was that they were all singing! He had never heard such music and it seemed as if the song he had carried in his heart all day, and the perfume of the purple flowers and the smile on his mother's face had all mixed together to make that music.

Being a little boy, and used to the fields, he picked one of these marvelous flowers to take home to his mother. As soon as he broke the stem, however, the flower screamed loudly and all the others stopped singing. "Mend it with purple, mend it with purple!" they shouted to him.

Dion felt the song die out of his heart, but it seemed strange to make such a fuss about picking a flower and he really didn't understand what the other flowers were saying till he saw that his fingertips were still stained with the dye of the hill-flower. He rubbed some of this on the broken stem and set it back. Immediately the flower was mended and went on singing as if nothing had happened; and in his heart was such a shout of gladness that it woke him up; and there he was on the hilltop with the clouds drifting over. He looked for the flowers but they were gone. He looked at his fingertips and they were still stained purple!

To this day he could not tell you whether they were fairy flowers or just a part of his dream; but he never picks a flower without remembering the scream of the singing flower and how the Song died out of his Heart.

—Dora Hagemeyer.

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Books . . .

NICOLO MACHIAVELLI THE FLORENTINE

By Giuseppe Prezzolini.

Published May 1928 by Brentano's.

Here we have a vivid biography of one Florentine written by another. Prezzolini's account of the man Machiavelli is more than a mere resume of the life of one of Italy's greatest political thinkers. It is an intimate revelation of the complicated conditions of that time, as well as being a shrewd and brilliant analysis of that overly-maligned man.

A great majority of the people, when thinking or talking of Machiavelli, consider him as a sardonic adjective, rather than as the vital and living figure that he was. If this book achieves nothing else, it is sure to sweep away the clouds of doubt and ignorance that surround the name of the great diplomat.

The first part of the book opens with a deft bit on Machiavelli's sense of humour, a sense which proved to be of great importance to him. His laughter was facial, not ventral. It was head-laughter, mirth of the mind, of wit, of ideas. Now the author combines an account of the early life of Machiavelli with a study of the political conditions of the time. This skillful blending of biography and history serves as an intelligent prelude to the period when Nicolo became a man, and thus shows how his training and environment influenced his theories and conduct. Here the tale begins to move, swiftly and decisively. Machiavelli entered the public service in 1498 at the age of twenty-nine, as secretary of the Republic of Florence. From here on he moves forward, slowly, methodically, but making a definite and well organized advance. The book treats this portion of his life with Boswellian accuracy, but with Florentine feeling and sympathy.

The year 1512 brought a downfall of the government on which Machiavelli depended, and in spite of his overtures to the Medici, the new rulers of Florence, he was exiled from Florence for a year. To make matters worse, he was implicated in the anti-Medici conspiracy of Pier Paolo Boscoli.

The next period of his life was the one to which we owe the great works that have rendered his name immortal. Here Prezzolini extends himself; from the time of Machiavelli's exile to the time of his death fifteen years later, the story is unravelled in a fascinating manner. The author shows us the struggles of the man against odds which he never surmounted. His was a solo fight, he had less than few allies, his enemies were many. It can be truthfully said that no one was capable of understanding him, for he was too far ahead of his times.

In ending, a quotation from the last chapter: "Legend is the reward made by

History to the great to console them for their failure in life."—Hartnell Lockridge.

GORKI'S RETURN TO RUSSIA

The following account of the return of Gorki to Russia after an absence of six years was sent us by Rhys Williams, who had it from Robin Kincaid, a student at Stanford. Kincaid made the translation from an article appearing in "Les Nouvelles Littéraires" of June 30.

MAXIM GORKI'S RETURN TO RUSSIA

The return was a triumph. Gorki, "the poet of the proletariat," was received like a sovereign, like the spiritual sovereign of the U. S. S. R.

There were, to be sure, official ceremonies, and the authorities of Moscow did not fail to exploit the presence of Gorki for internal and external propaganda. But there was also an incontestable popular enthusiasm, a warm and spontaneous ovation by the workers and the peasants, an evidence of their heart-felt appreciation of a writer sprung from their humble ranks and surrounded with a world-wide glory.

The triumphs started at the frontiers even of the U. S. S. R. at the little border station of Negoreloye where the train arrived the evening of the 24th of May. The whole population was massed on the station platform. In the center of the crowd two delegations: one from the government of Moscow and the other from the Republic of White Russia. Across the tracks were large red banners; "Greetings to the great proletarian writer! Welcome Alexis Maximovitch!"

From the Polish train to the Soviet train Gorki was carried in the arms of the people. He was at home, among his own people, and there followed naturally an avalanche of discussion, broken by the cheers of the people. Well after midnight, they arrived at Minsk, the same setting but bigger this time: delegations from the government of White Russia,

THE CARMELITE, August 8, 1928

from the communist party, from the syndicates, the red army, writers, scientific institutions.

The train started again to the strains of the Internationale and plunged into the night. On the 28th of May at mid-day it arrived at Mojaisk. There again the train was besieged by the people. A young pioneer with red necktie greeted the writer in the name of his section. Gorki took him in his arms: "I would like to be able to embrace all of you. I look at you... how many young faces bright and healthy! Russia is now so young, so new... one must live in Europe to understand that well. Here you breathe a different air. During the few hours that I have been here I feel that I have grown much younger!"

Later Gorki often repeated these few words: "The houses are old but the people are young. I see a new country. I feel younger among you." It is this theme of rejuvenation that he likes to treat in his short talks, and time and time again emotion choked his voice.

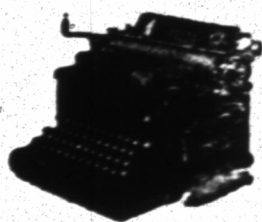
At the station in Moscow the reception was magnificent. Hundreds of delegations with flags and banners. On the platform, Lunacharski, Voroshilov, Litvinov, Bukharin, and at their side members of the government and the party, the writers Pilniak, Gladkoff, Leonov, Ivanov, director of the Stanislavski artistic theater, artists and scholars. In the square a truck was made into a tribune. Upon this they boosted Gorki to show him to the impatient Moscovites. Ceaseless hurrahs. Some speeches, and suddenly a dead silence when comrade Smidovitch gave the writer the floor.

"... No," said Gorki in a smothered voice. "He hasn't the floor, he isn't an orator, he is absolutely incapable of expressing what he feels at this moment..."

And then, passing to the first person: "I am moved to the greatest degree. I am happy to see these hundreds of young faces. I am happy to see you, who have created a new life and much better than you think you have done. Excuse me—I don't know how to talk, I had better express in writing what I feel"...

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Out-of-Door Life World News . . .

GARDENS AND PINES

Most of us in Carmel want gardens. Our homes are permanent ones now,—no longer little summer shacks hidden among the trees—and permanent homes call for gardens.

Our first difficulty is the pine trees. Of course there are many plants that will thrive under our pines, but in general it's better not to expect a mass of bloom if you have chosen your garden spot in the shade of several stalwart specimens of *Pinus Radiata*. If our houses are surrounded by a sufficient amount of land, we can easily manage both a garden AND pines. But the pines should be as far as possible from the garden, near the boundary and farthest from the house is usually best. They should be healthy pines and not too many. Some of our forty foot lots are covered with trees, so crowded together that most of them consist almost wholly of the trunk, with perhaps a single tuft of pine needles at the very top. Two or three healthy, well-branched specimens would surely be better. Then our pines would suggest trees "evergreen" instead of "ever-dying." Encourage the birds unless you have a hungry cat near waiting to catch them. (The nearest Humane Society is the best place for "unattached cats," and our feline pets should be shut up if possible in the early morning and at dusk.) The more birds we have, the better our trees will be. Don't be afraid to cut off dead branches. No self-respecting Dryad would live in one.—But do it properly and don't leave pegs to hang things on. Those who have to do their gardening in the shade of many trees should depend mainly upon shrubs. Shrubs are not sufficiently valued here in Carmel. Most of them do well with the minimum of care, and many will thrive in the shade, if given the necessary soil requirements. Among these last are:

Abelia
Abutilon
Azalea
Azara Microphylla
Coprosma
Cotoneaster Horizontalis
Diosma
Daphne Odora
Ericas — E. Melanthera is the best here
Escallonia — There are some new and more graceful varieties.
Fuchsia
Hydrangea
Hypericum, Moserianum and Calycinum
Nandina
Pittosporum, Undulatum and Tobira
Pyracantha Crenulata
Plumbago Capensis

—Dorothy Bassett.

The £9,000,000 electricity standardization scheme for north-western England and North Wales, an area with a population of nearly seven million has just been published by the Central Electric Board. It is the fourth project completed by the Commission under the Supply Act of 1926. Upon the electric board now lies the duties of carrying it into effect, with or without modifications, as a result of any representations which may be made to them by individual concerns. Three other similar schemes for Scotland, Central, and South East England are already in operation.

Dr. Streseman's visit to Paris in order to sign the anti-war pact has been seriously endangered. The French Military authorities demanded the surrender to them by the German Government of the three men who tore down the tricolor and of the one man who attacked a French officer in the occupation zone. These were sentenced to five years' imprisonment with hard labor and two years' imprisonment; all four succeeded in fleeing to the unoccupied territory.

An agreement had almost been reached to reduce these sentences when a Nationalist newspaperman heard of the occurrence. The result may better be imagined than described!

Paving the way for future loans, the Nationalist Government of China through a sinking fund board of trustees appointed for the purpose, has issued statements describing how loans totaling eighty million dollars Mexican floated in the Shanghai Market, have risen considerably in market value. Even the stoutest foreign critics have heralded the statements as auguring a new era in public finances in China.

Dr. H. E. Bernard of Indianapolis gave assurance to the American Chemical Society Institute at North-Western University that no matter how crowded the earth becomes in centuries to come, there will be plenty of square meals for all. Chemistry can fill the grocery orders if the farmer can't supply the demand. The light of the sun and the nitrogen of the air are to be converted into food for the human family. Thirty men working in a factory the size of a city block can produce in forms of yeast as much food as one thousand men tilling 57,000 acres under ordinary conditions. The food supply of the future, whether synthesized in the laboratory, produced under highly intensified system of agriculture, or netted from the pastures of the sea, will not be limited.

This will perhaps be sad news to the advocates of birth control, and Dr. Bernard may be mistaken!

H. G. Wells is settling in France. He intends to spend the spring and autumns in his new apartment on the Quai d'Auteuil, the summers and winters in his villa at Grasse, near Nice. The attraction is said to be a French 'femme de lettres' whose literary output consists in novels severely criticizing the manner and customs of the French military in Morocco, where she used to live.

Paul Poiret is retiring. He says that the woman of today has lost the art of dressing beautifully. "Sweaters and sport suits have replaced the lovely things of the past. Clothes are designed more for comfort than elegance; my scope has gone, and I shall retire as couturier and go to my country home."

Unearthed in a trash pile at Atlanta, a letter believed to be from Lincoln, written soon after the war between the states, congratulates Michael Hahn, first post-bellum Governor of Louisiana. The letter is written on stationery headed "Executive Mansion," and is dated March 13th, 1864. O. P. Walton and Tubby Walton, restaurant owners, were the finders.

Extermination of so-called "dangerous thoughts" in Japan by preventive means of education, rather than by police raids, was advocated by the Minister of Education in addressing the conference of prefectural governors in Tokyo.

BLOOD-PRESSURE

(Continued from page nine)

sclerosis, which explains many of his ruthless actions in the late years of his reign. Emperor Charles V was similarly afflicted, and his son, Philip II also, which doubtless accounts for their disposition toward martyrs, and their gentle handling of the Inquisition. This is certainly the cause for the voluntary abdication of the throne by Charles V in favor of the weakling Philip II at a very critical period and at the comparatively early age of fifty-four. One historian, in summing up Charles V concludes: "he was the heroic defender of a losing cause, and wears the romantic halo that such heroes wear, yet whatever halo of chivalry, romance, and religious fervor surrounds his name, it is difficult to forget that he deliberately ate himself to death. An ignoble end." Over eating; one of the potent causes of premature hardening of the arteries.

And so with many another. When we reflect that the destinies of nations are commonly held in the hands of elderly gentlemen whose blood pressure tends to be a bit too high owing to the stress and anxiety in which they live, it is not too much to say that arterio-sclerosis is one of the tragedies that afflict the human race. The more tragic because to some degree preventable, or at least deferrable, by moderate eating and drinking, regular rest and sleep, guarded emotions, moderate exertion. But, tragedy of tragedies, who wants to be a cabbage?

—R. A. K.

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Pieces of Truth

Jo Davidson's wife, Yvonne Davidson, underwent a serious operation some time ago. Before she came out of the anaesthetic (she related afterwards) she had an extraordinary semi-dream, semi-vision. She had gone to Heaven and was seeking the Truth, and, was getting more and more anxious as she failed to find it. Then she spied God, and God took her by the hand and then she noticed that on God's other hand, but at a distance of some twenty kilometers, was Truth. She reached for it, but could not touch it. More and more frenzied, she stretched out her hand, crying . . .

"What's the matter?" asked God.

"There's the Truth" sobbed Yvonne, "there, on your other hand. But I can't get within twenty kilometers of it!"

"C'est deja pas mal," (That's not bad either) answered God, tolerant and twinkling "I'd be glad if I could get that near to it, sometimes."

The man who believes that there is a purpose in the universe, and makes the achievement of that purpose an act, not of self-sacrifice for himself, but of self-realization, that is the effective man and the happy man whether he calls the purpose the will of God, or Socialism, or the religion of humanity.

—George Bernard Shaw.

The American people are not intelligent enough to have a third party, because that means being for someone. When there are two parties all you have to do is be against someone. —Mary Bulkley.

The Hindoo says that before birth the child sings: "I am I; let me not forget it," and his first cry after birth is "Who am I? I have forgotten."



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**A PSYCHOANALYST WOULD
DIAGNOSE US AS NARCISSISTS**

"My name wasn't even mentioned in the dramatic review of last week's play!" fumed an astonished Carmel actor as he turned the pages of the Most Distinguished News Weekly of the Pacific Coast. He did not withdraw his subscription, because he buys a copy only when he considers himself entitled to see his name in print; but in his face we could see an expression of firm resolve never again to fill the coffers of that editorial office again with his nickels, (and it costs sixteen cents an issue merely to PRINT the thing!) He would hereafter look over somebody else's shoulder.

We did not draw his attention to the fact that there had been nearly fifty in the cast. But it did occur to us to wish that those who have such a passion for seeing their names in print, would be content with the telephone book, so that we might have space left occasionally for an actual, a concentrated, and a credible, review.

Ella Young is at Halcyon, living in a little shack with purple curtains, and entertaining, according to one visitor, in a purple tea-gown.

Chester Arthur, Santa Barbara poet, came to Carmel last week and visited the Jeffers, Marcella Burke and other old friends.

Mr. Allen Griffin's parents are staying in Carmel.

War is vicarious crime The statesman does through the soldier what he would not do in his own person. The soldier does at the bidding of the statesman what he would shirk from doing if the whole decision lay with himself.

—H. N. Brailsford.

"The Play's the Thing"

but after the play

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